

Andy felt that he was the luckiest boy in the whole wide world. He had a warm home, two best friends at school, and a dog named Sammy. Andy's mom said that Sammy was just a mutt, but Andy knew better. Sammy was not just any old dog. He was a very special dog. Sammy had long brown hair and big floppy ears, and he was also very, very smart.

One day Andy decided he wanted to ride his bike down to the lake. Andy asked his mom whether he could take Sammy along. Andy's mom said, "Why do you want to take that old mutt? He will just get in your way." But Andy begged and begged until his mom said Sammy could go to the lake, too. So, on a sunny, breezy Saturday morning, Andy hopped onto his bicycle, whistled for Sammy, and rode off to the lake. Andy rode, pedaling hard to get up the hills, and coasting merrily down the hills. Sammy ran beside Andy, his ears flopping in the breeze.

When Andy and Sammy got to the lake, they played and splashed in the water. When they were tired of playing in the water, they sat down for lunch. Mom had packed sandwiches and cookies for Andy and dog biscuits for Sammy.

At last it was time to go home. On the way home, Andy saw a big hill to ride his bike down. Down the hill Andy rode on his bike, faster and faster. Suddenly, Andy's bike hit a big rock, and Andy flew over the handle bars head first! Andy lay in the grass on the side of the road in some tall grass. Oh, his head hurt!

Andy didn't know how long he lay in the grass, but suddenly he saw a big man standing above him. The big man bent down and picked up Andy. He said, "Your dog helped me find you. I found your bike

on the road but could not find you. Your dog barked and ran toward you until I found you." The man lifted Andy into his truck to take him home. Sammy climbed into the truck, and Andy gave him a big hug. He thought, "After what Sammy did for me today, Mom can never call him a mutt again!"

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